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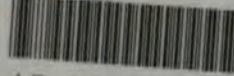
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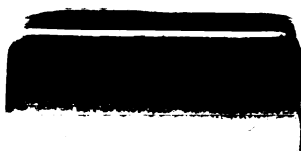
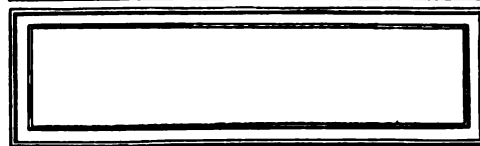
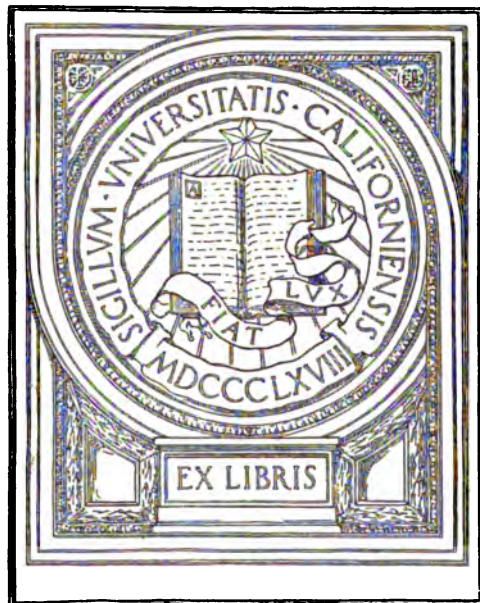


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# HARVARD CELEBRITIES



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"Should Old Acquaintance be forgot"



Greetings  
From  
Carl Dreyfus  
April tenth

1905

Univ. of  
California

70 .vnu  
Abbaa

# HARVARD CELEBRITIES

A Book of Caricatures &  
Decorative Drawings

by  
Frederick Garrison Hall '03  
&  
Edward Revere Little '04  
Verses by  
Henry Ware Eliot Jr '02

Printed for the Editors  
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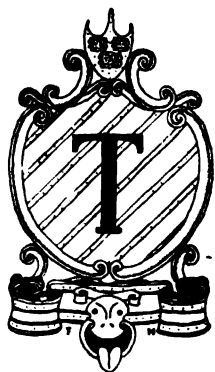
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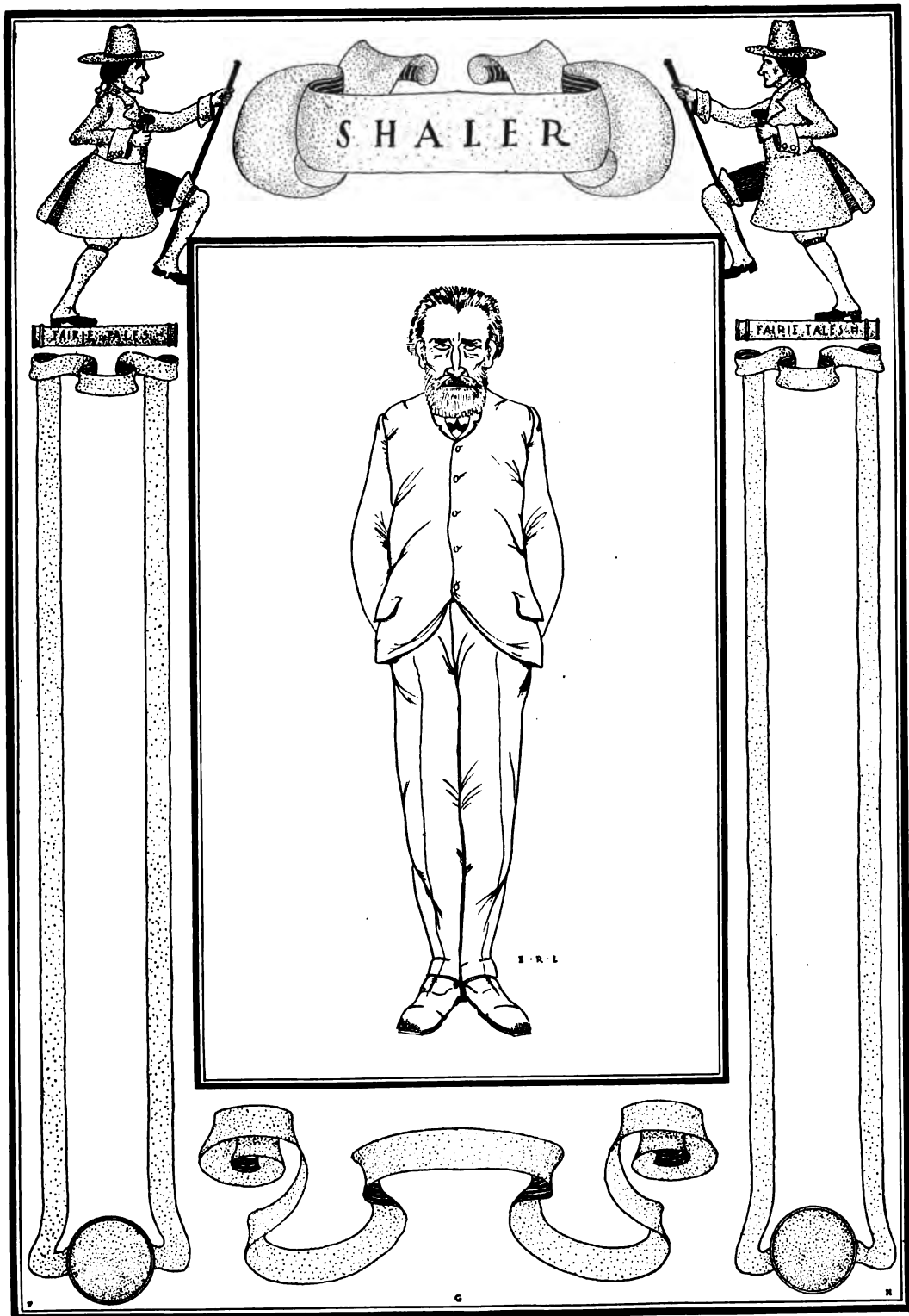


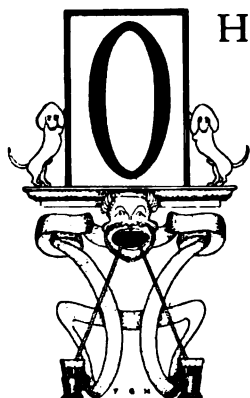
O each illustrious Celebrity  
From whom this work has drawn its in-  
spiration,  
In gratitude and thankful courtesy  
The authors humbly make this dedica-  
tion.





HIS is Shaler,  
Fairy-taler,  
Scientific mountain-scaler,  
Penetrator  
Of each crater  
From the poles to the equator,  
Tamer of the hurricane,  
Prophet of the wind and rain,  
Hypnotizer  
Of the geyser,  
Wizard of the frozen plain.  
Hark! What is that deep and distant  
subterranean roar,  
Arising near Memorial and reaching out to  
Gore?  
'Tis the rumble of applause  
When the speaker makes a pause  
In relating an adventure from his fund of  
earthquake lore.





H, what a blow, to lose so dear a friend!  
And oh, how changed the old familiar  
place!

How sad our midnight meals at Herbie's  
stand

Without the genial cheer of Herbie's  
face!

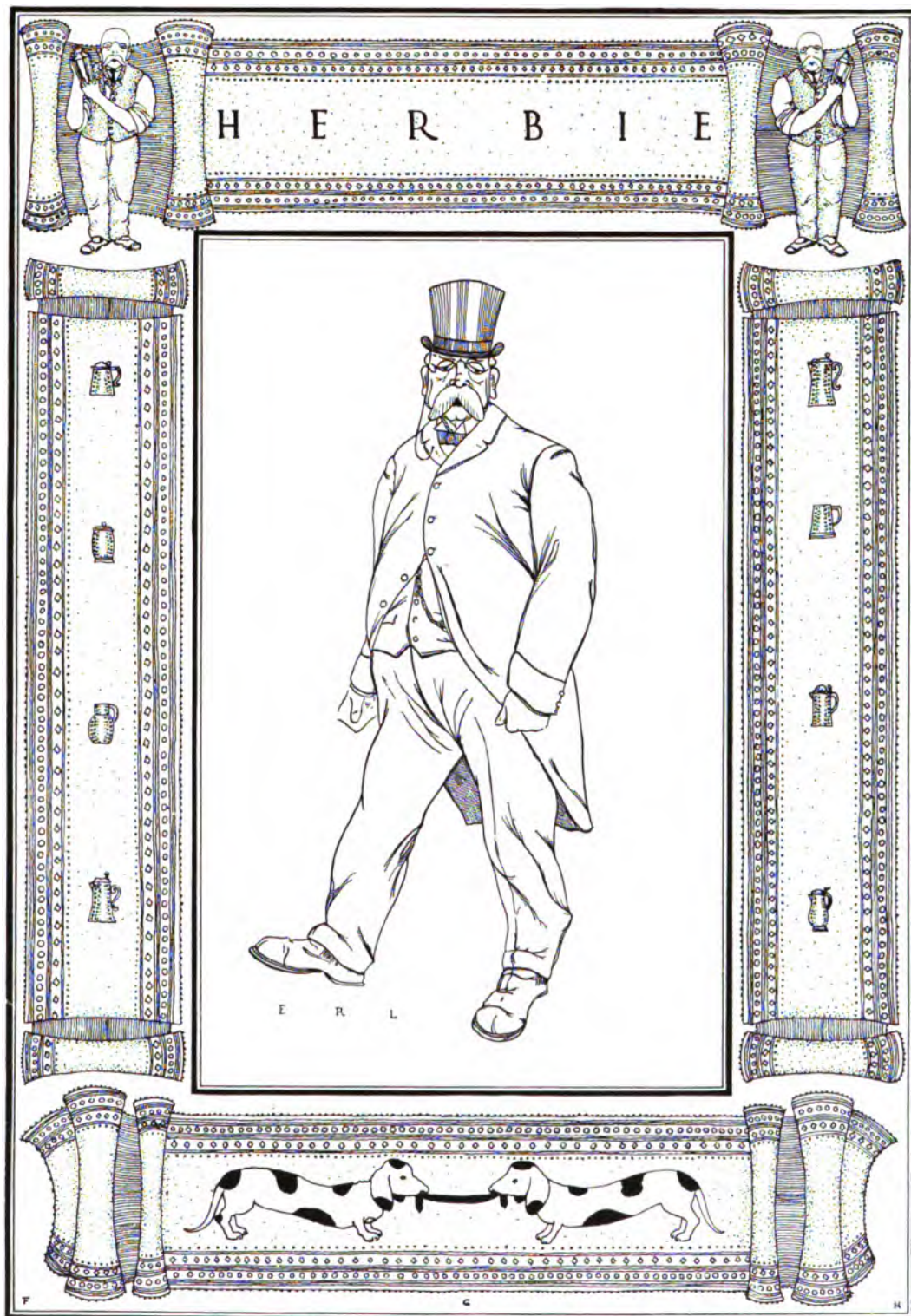
Since Herbie left us all and crossed the  
ocean,

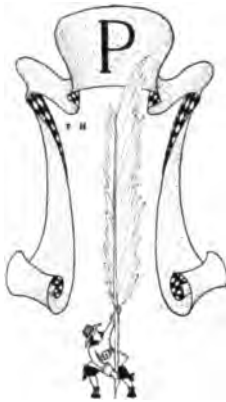
We scarce have heart to taste a custard  
pie;

We cannot stow a dog without emotion,  
Or drink an egg-and-milk without a  
sigh.

The Voice (it seems) that sanctions him  
has called,

And sent him to the van of civilization;  
In fair Manila he has been installed  
As Foster-father to a budding nation.





PLEASE make a careful study of this truth-  
ful illustration,

And take especial notice of the subtile  
connotation.

The atmosphere of London is so well sug-  
gested there,

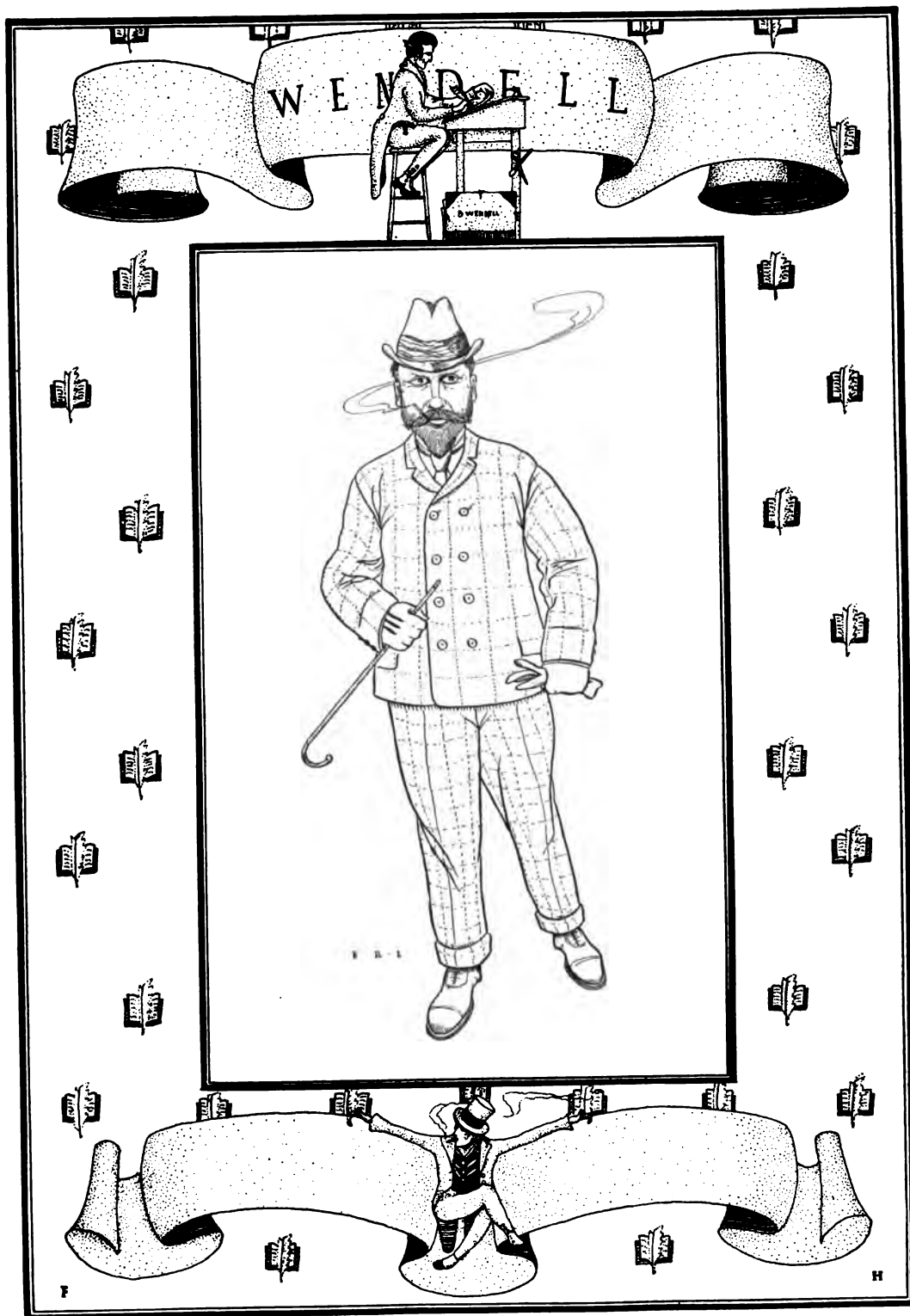
You 'd think you were in "Rotten Row"  
instead of Harvard Square.

How palpably inadequate my feeble talents  
are

To tell what Harvard culture owes to this,  
its guiding star !

Coherence, Mass, and Unity in Barrett are  
combined

To edify the vulgar, and abash the unre-  
fined.





DWARD, run the next one in —

No, no ! That 's upside down —

Ah, thank you ! This is, gentlemen,  
A figger of renown.

Observe the flowing drapery,

The classic head and bust

(In Modern Painters, Volume III,

You 'll find these points discussed).

The thoughtful rhythm of his dress,

The entasis, how fine —

Organic fundamentalness

Expressed in every line!

As Viollet-le-Duc" — but come,

Before we fall asleep ;

I fear you find this wearisome —

And printed notes are cheap.



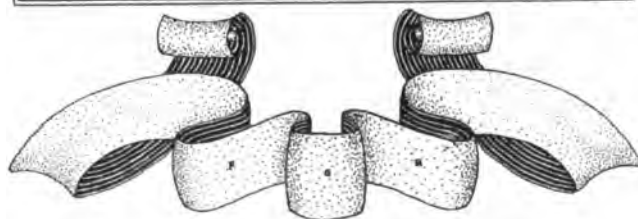
MOORE



TURNER



RUSKIN







O observer would suppose,  
From his unassuming clothes,  
This to be the famous Widow whom the  
student body knows;  
A man of wealth immense,  
Yet lacking all pretence,  
He makes the Cyclopædia resemble  
thirty cents.

He can give the whole of Mill  
In one concentrated pill,  
Or discourse at moment's notice on the  
Freedom of the Will;  
He will translate Voltaire  
With the greatest *savoir faire*,  
And will read Indo-Iranian and never turn  
a hair.

Dead or dreaming, drunk or sleeping,  
Nolen puts you through,  
But gratitude takes early wing when  
Nolen's bill is due.





F wit and madness be as like as Pope and  
others tell,

Then Copey by the merest squeak escapes  
the padded cell.

Those merry quips, those airy jests he  
springs in English 8

Mean spinal meningitis at no very distant  
date.

And is it all spontaneous, or is it (hush!) a  
bluff?

And does he make them up o' nights, and  
crib them on his cuff?

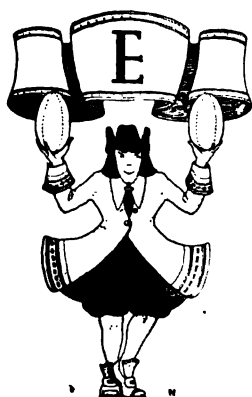
Oh, wicked, clever cynic! How dare you  
be so sly?

How dare you read "Peg Woffington" and  
make the Freshmen cry?

You bold, delicious joker! You know it,  
yes, you do!

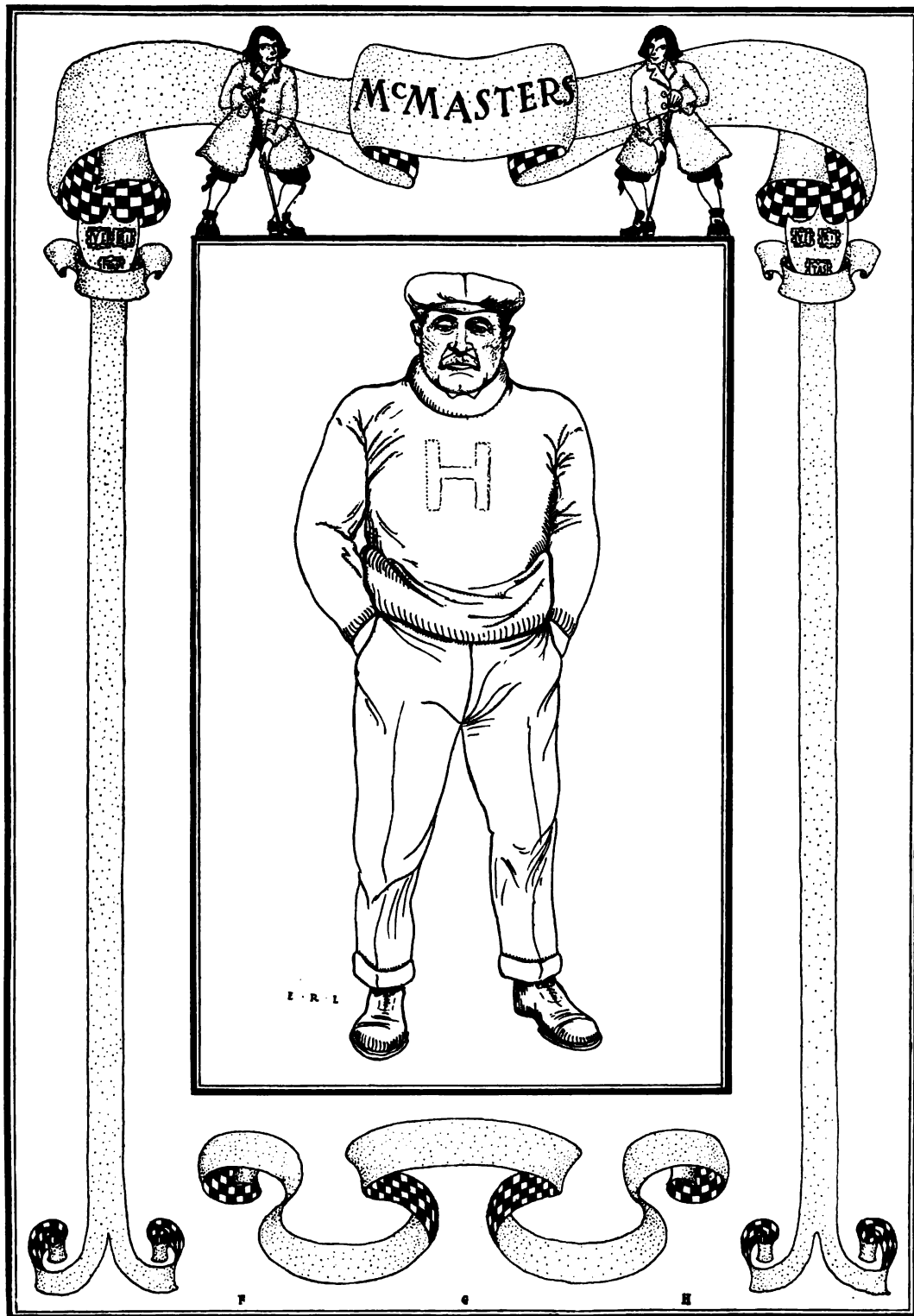
There's but one clever, clever Copey —  
and that one is you!





ASY with the fresh water, boys,  
And lavish with the salt!"  
Who lingers in the lukewarm wash  
Commits the deadly fault.  
Who shirks his half a dozen laps,  
Or fails to bunk at ten,  
Will never have the "husk" and speed  
To down old Eli's men!

The *Globe* may carp, the *Herald* scoff,  
The *Crimson* fret and fume,  
And all the coaches wear an air  
Of unremitting gloom;  
But Jack McMasters' jovial face  
Is always full of cheer,  
So three times three for Trainer Jack,  
And down with doubt and fear!





EY, gimme a cent! Hey, will yer, mister?  
Gwan!

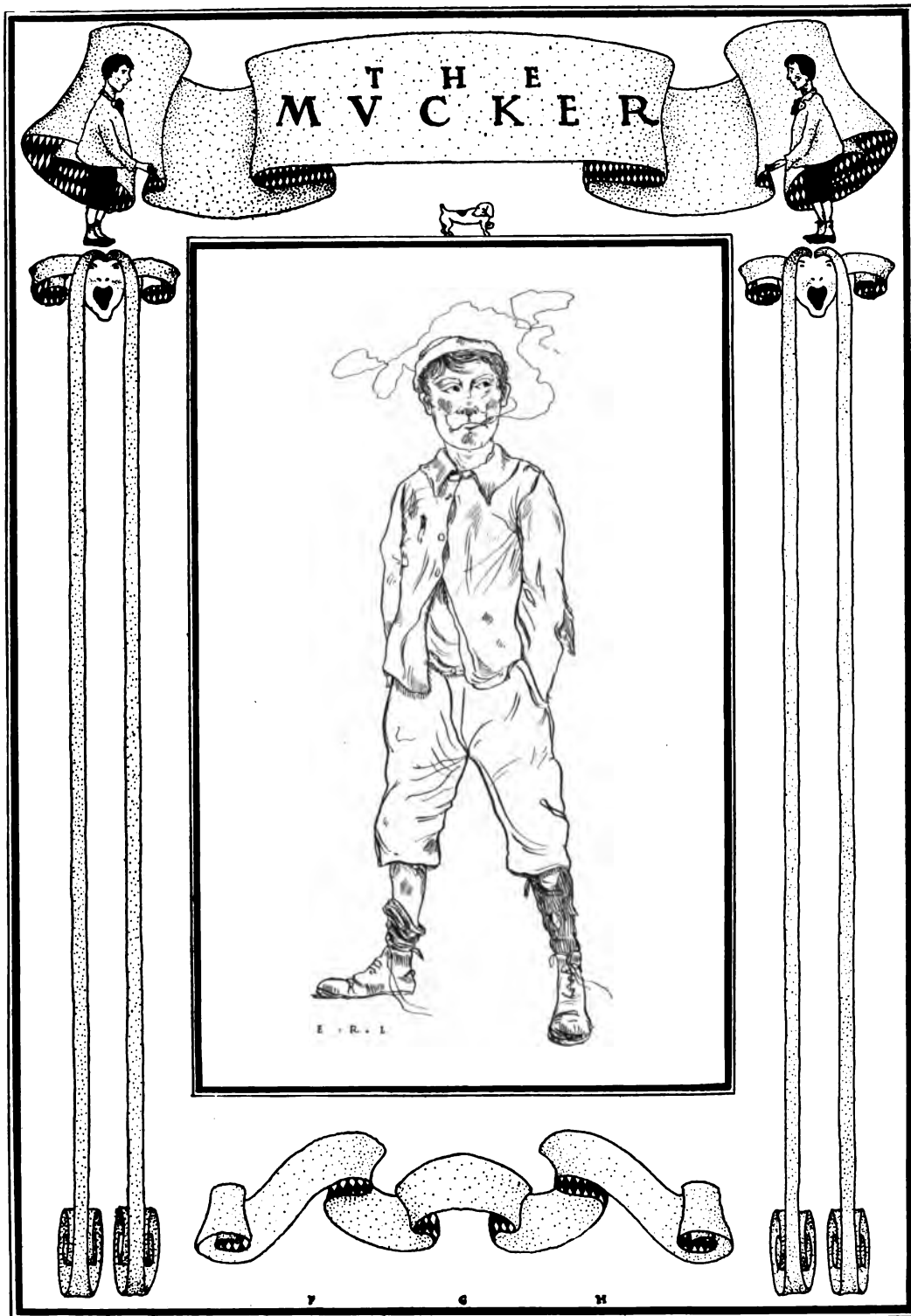
Aw, cheest, youse stoodents never has no  
mon!

Don't give him nuttin'! Say, want me ter  
dance?

I got a step'll put youse in er trance!  
Chure! I kin scrap! Dat feller lick me?  
Naw!

*Aw, you kin not! Shut up, I'll bust yer jaw!*  
I'll lick him fer a nickel! Gimme a dime!  
Chure! Bet it on de Ha'vards, every time!  
Ah, chure, youse has de change! Youse  
ain't so swell!

Aw, gimme a quarter, den! Aw, go  
t'ell! "







F all the sprightly figures that adorn the  
college scene,

The most supremely genial is our own be-  
loved Dean.

He 'll kick you out of college, and he 'll  
never shed a tear,

But he does it so politely that it's music to  
the ear.

He meets you in the ante-room, he grasps  
you by the hand,

He offers you the easy-chair, and begs you  
not to stand.

“Good morning, Mr. Sporticus! How is  
your Uncle Jim?

I used to know him well at school — you  
look *so* much like him!

And you 're enjoying college? Yes? In-  
deed! I am so glad!

Let's see — six Es? Impossible! How  
very, very sad!”





HAT a grim and cruel look

Has Mr. Cram !

But he 's really just as gentle

As a lamb.

For without the least suspicion

He will sign your "sick " petition,

And whether it 's a lie or not he does n't give  
a slam !

Such a hustling and a hurry

He is in !

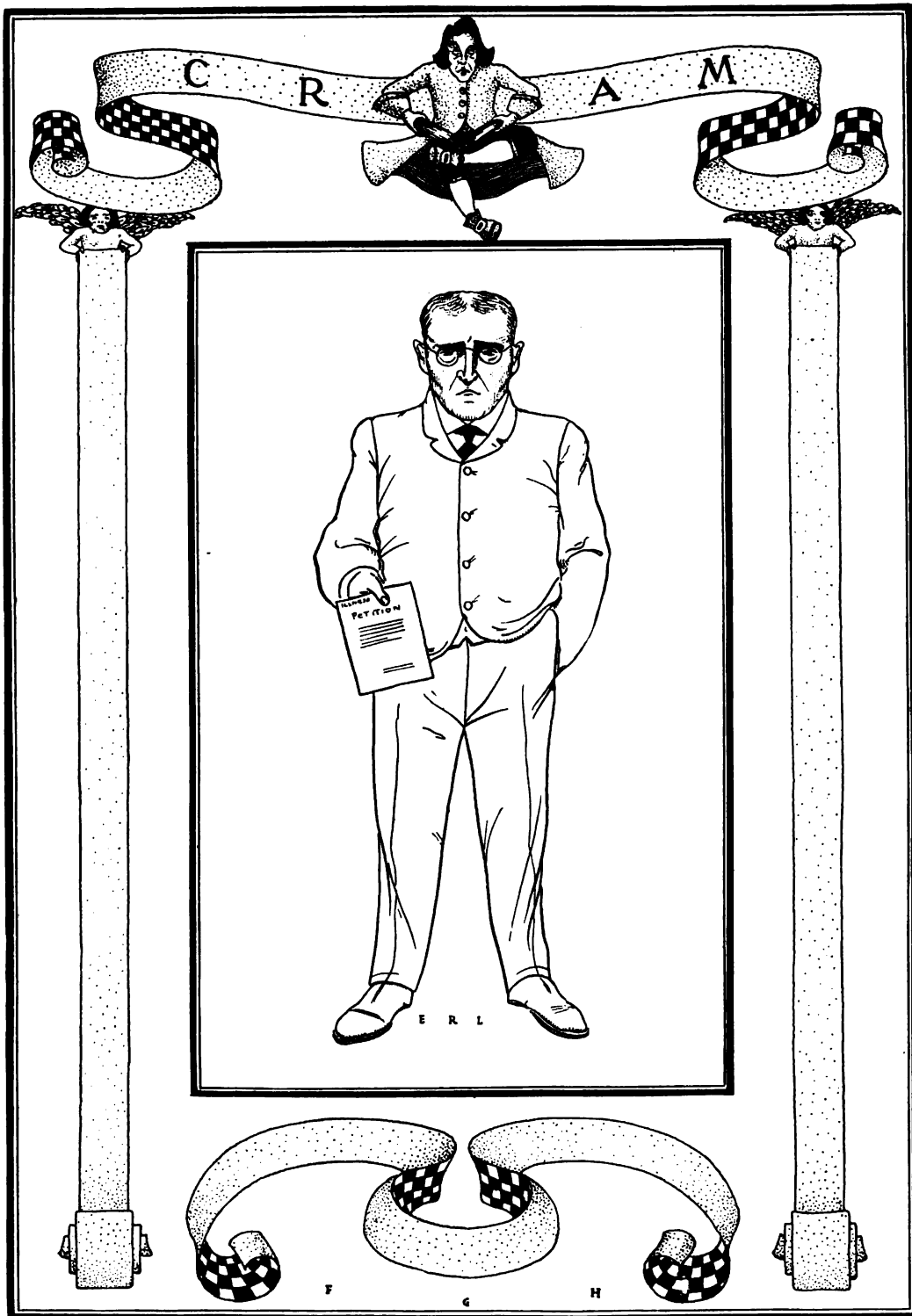
Don't attempt to stop and hand him

Any chin.

"Name, please? You've been cutting  
some.

Headaches? Well, don't do it. Come!"

And you take your hat and exit with a meek,  
respectful grin.





ON Dieu! What is it that it is!  
A-walking on the Square?  
We'll brush away the smoke—Voila!  
Il est le bon Pierre!  
He has the figure—is it not?  
Petit et débonnaire!

At morn he punctures daily themes  
With aphorisms neat,  
At noon he “bubbles” with the sports  
Upon Mount Auburn Street;  
At eve he does the nobby stunt  
With Mrs. Jack's *élite*.

See how the Radcliffe maidens turn  
To rubber at his clothes;  
He has a truly high-life way  
Of turning out his toes.  
The nifty Prince of Apley Court,  
Our dainty, home-grown Rose!





USHED is the sound of happy Freshmen  
voices,

Hushed is the tramp of little Freshmen  
feet;

No music cheers the heart of Father San-  
born,

Save that of hurdy-gurdies from the  
street.

Now idly at the window Sanborn sits,  
And gazes out upon the college gate;  
The giant billiard balls across the way  
Seem but to mock his own unhappy fate.

The Freshmen pass his door, but do not  
enter,

On, to the Union, ever flows the stream;  
For Sanborn is a monarch without courtiers,  
His former glory but an idle dream.







ARD by the ancient grub resort  
The honest Poco stands;  
He smiles upon each passing sport,  
And mildly rubs his hands.  
The student guy, of money shy,  
Is Poco's easy prey;  
There is no green in Poco's eye,  
He makes the business pay.

He beats the little Freshmen down  
In manner most rococo;  
The Clothing Trust of Cambridge town  
Is Butekan the Poco.  
Since this is true, the thing to do,  
It certainly appears,  
Is, give your cast-off clothing to  
The Student Volunteers!





BEYOND the vulgar current of events,  
Abhorring things collegiate, doth he stay  
(Three blocks above the dead line); far  
away

From all that can offend the finer sense.  
There meets the eye no crude globiferous  
fence,

No Fogg, nor Gore; nor winds its noxious  
way

The benzine buggy; there no night-owls  
stray,

Or strident clamorous muckers scrambling  
cents.

And ever and anon the far-off cry  
From Shady Hill — “Back! back!” it  
calls in wrath,

“To Ruskin and Rossetti!” But the  
herd,

Entranced with brutal sports, hears not the  
word,

To Soldiers’ Field pursues its downward  
path,

And Art is left to languish and to die.







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